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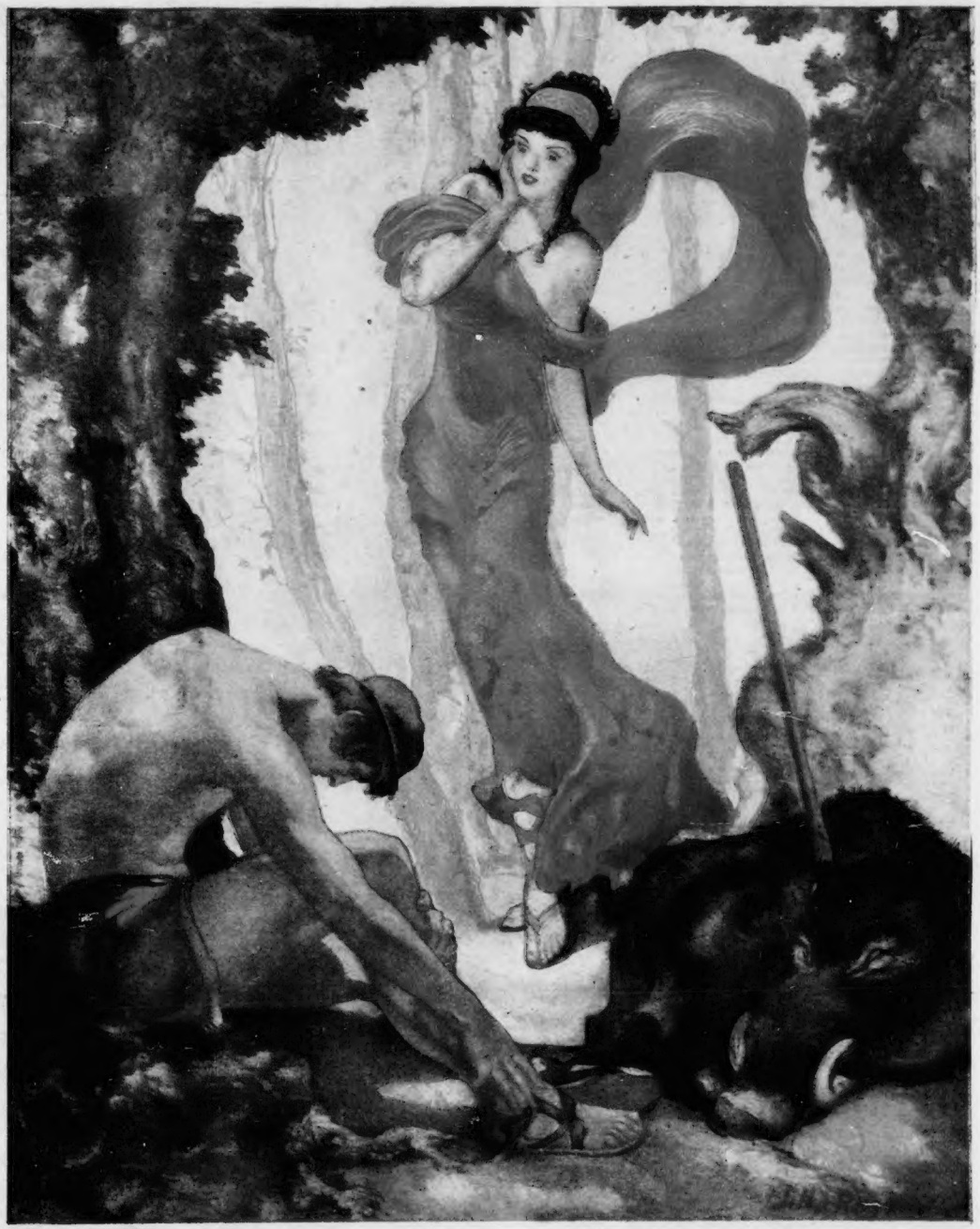

Painting by **Willy Pogany**

Temptations of Ulysses

Eurycleia's Discovery

Read Story On Next Page

Penelope's ENDURING LOVE

Ulysses Is Recognized, Not by His Faithful Wife, But by His Old Nurse Who Remembers a Scar on His Foot
(See Front Cover Painting)

By John U. Sturdevant

PENELOPE, Queen of Ithaca, ordered a chair with a fleece thrown upon it brought to the fireside where she planned to question the nameless beggar who, unknown to her, was Ulysses, her husband, in disguise.

"The one consolation I crave," she confided, "is to tell my story. Since my husband left nearly 20 years ago, no one has given me respectful hearing, nor have I been able to bear his desertion with what might be called 'philosophical indifference.' In fact, I have been nearly mad with grief and anxiety."

She then told the supposed beggar of the shameful wooers who beseiged her, asking for her hand in marriage that they might win control of her wealth and lands, believing her husband to be dead.

When she had done, Ulysses, in order to keep his identity a secret, made an excursion into the realm of fiction and told her a tale of his origin full of deliberate falsehoods and made them seem so like the truth and so woeful was his tale that his obliging listener, Penelope, wept afresh, mourning for the husband who even then was sitting by her side. Most especially did she weep when the beggar told of having met Ulysses.

"I am minded," said Penelope with dignified candor, "to put you to the test. Tell me what manner of raiment my husband wore, what kind of a man he was and what his comrades were like."

The beggar described with minute accuracy all that he, Ulysses, had worn and what he was like and when he could no longer stand the sight of Penelope's tears, he said:

"May Zeus Be My Witness," the Beggar Swore to Penelope, "Ulysses Is Safe and Will Presently Come."

"I tell you, Ulysses is safe and will presently come. May Zeus be my witness, in the course of this self-same day he shall come, as the old moon wanes and the new one appears."

"Alas," cried Penelope, "so many strangers have promised that, hoping that their news will bring rich rewards. Yet, it has never come to pass. Nevertheless, it shall not be said that we would not give a stranger meat and a couch to sleep upon and that my maidens would not wash his feet."

"No maiden shall touch my feet," said Ulysses fervently, "for I am far from home and in my heart there is no pleasure. Unless, perhaps, there is some old true-hearted servant who has suffered in her heart, too. Her, I would not begrudge."

Penelope summoned Eurycleia, old nurse to Ulysses, and begged her with some eloquence to wash the stranger's feet.

"Many sore-footed strangers have come this way," said the nurse. "But only for Penelope's sake and for the sake of the absent Ulysses will I obey." Then looking closely at the beggar she said: "Indeed, I have never seen one so like another in form and in voice; truly, he resembles my absent master."

The old woman took the cauldron with water from the fire and as she knelt down before the stranger she straightway knew the scar of the wound which long ago a boar had dealt him on his ankle. For a moment the old nurse relived the hunting accident, so familiar had it become in Ulysses' boyhood.

He had gone to Parnassus to hunt with Autolycus who excelled all men in thievery and oaths. For it was Autolycus, his mother's father, who gave him his name, which in Greek is Odysseus, or "Child of Wrath," in remembrance of the fact that Autolycus admitted that he had been angered with many men and women over the fruitful earth.

With the sons of Autolycus, Ulysses had hunted the boar with a spear but, being young, he had not dodged the angry animal quick enough and so was gashed at the ankle.

Even though badly wounded the youth sprang up and slew the boar and it marked the beginning of his courageous boyhood.

The feat was heroic in the eyes of Autolycus.

When Eurycleia recognized the scar she cried out in something between a gasp and a scream: "Verily, you are Ulysses, dear child."

She looked quickly at Penelope, but the wife of Ulysses could not hear nor understand, for the goddess Pallas Athene had turned her thoughts aside.

Ulysses pressed his fingers upon the nurse's lips and made her swear to silence and then betook himself to Penelope's side, whereupon she told him of a strange dream she had just had and an idea it gave her.

"Tomorrow morning," Penelope announced, "I shall hold a contest among the men. Twelve axes shall be set up in the hall like props of a ship, for once Ulysses would stand far off and shoot an arrow through them. Whichever of the wooers shall most easily string Ulysses' bow with his hands and shoot an arrow through all 12 axes, with him will I marry and forsake the house of my wedded life."

"Honored Penelope," said Ulysses, "No longer put off this contest. For I tell you Ulysses will be here and before these shameful men shall have strung the polished bow, he shall have shot an arrow through the iron."

Next week, Ulysses slays the suitors and sheds his disguise.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

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Milder to hands than any leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics!

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Longevity May Be Determined by an Inherited "Vital Capacity" Which Science Is Now Trying to Extend With Diets and Other Aids

A Mother Looking Fondly at Her Baby May See Only a Resemblance to Herself or Her Husband, But the Child Has Inherited From Them Something More Important, a Short or Long Life.

The Gift of LONGER LIFE

By G. B. Lal
Science Editor

FONDLY the mother scans her baby's face to see what resemblances there are between her own or her husband's and her infant's features. She rarely stops to think of a far more important gift which she may have passed on to her child.

That is a certain capacity for living, upon which depends longevity.

It has been recognized for many years that the son or the daughter of parents who reach an advanced age also has a specially good chance of enjoying a long life.

On the other hand it has been believed that diet, hygienic habits, intelligence, education, climate and emotional and moral habits influence one's span of life.

Longevity is inherited like a piece of land, the exact value of which can be considerably increased or decreased by the possessor's skill, but within certain bounds.

Diet is one of the things that can prolong the span of life.

Two women were twin sisters. One married a farmer, raised several children and spent all her life in the country. The twin sister never married, graduated from a teachers' college, and began to teach in a big city. They both were healthy and active until they were 70; then they became deaf and blind.

At the age of 86 years, one sister suffered from a stroke due to the rupture of blood vessels within the brain, and died. Within five days of her burial the other twin had a similar attack and passed away.

This is one of the cases of 1,164 pairs of twins which have been under investigation by Dr. Franz J. Kallmann of the Psychiatric Institute, Columbia University, and the Department of Medical Genetics of New York State, at Albany, N. Y. The scientist, with Lissy Feingold, reported the results of the study, so far obtained, at the meeting of the American Psychological Association in Boston.

Each person has a certain inborn "vital capacity" which determines the limits within which longevity may vary. Within such limits a person's life can be shortened or lengthened, according to Dr. Kallmann.

Diet of the expectant mother and of the baby, from the birth on, plays a very important part in the length of life, whatever the natural endowment.

Dr. Thomas S. Gardner, scientist of Nutley, N. J., fed yeast nucleic acid to 600-day-old mice, comparable to men and women of 60 years. That increased the average span of life by eight per cent; in man, it would be prolongation from 65 to 71 years.

He fed vitamin pantothenic acid to fruit flies and produced up to 27 per cent increase. Feeding another vitamin, B-6, also had a lengthening effect.

When both vitamins were fed together, the increase was spectacular, 47 per cent or more.

Prof. Henry C. Sherman, of Columbia University, has recently proved that when three times as much vitamin A as is necessary for normal health is fed to rats they live 10 to 20 per cent longer, and their youthfulness is prolonged. Another life and vitality lengthening vitamin is riboflavin; and the mineral calcium has a similarly beneficial effect.

The researches of the New York physician, Dr. Henry A. Rafsky, of Lenox Hill Hospital, show that elderly men and women, especially after 65, somehow need supplementary feeding of the vitamins, in addition to an adequate normal diet.

Dr. William Kountz, of St. Louis, found that his elderly patients were going downhill in health and vitality rapidly on a normal diet; their muscle tissues were melting away, they were losing weight steadily.

When they were fed unusual amounts of protein foodstuffs—either as predigested yeast (hydrolyzed yeast) or in the form of "beef, skim milk, eggs and cottage cheese," recovery occurred dramatically.

One woman was dying, but on high proteins and vitamins became normal.

Dr. Lovell Langstroth, San Francisco physician, studied 501 patients, all 30 years and up in age, who suffered from high blood pressure, heart attacks, diabetes, digestive disorders, migraine, obesity and other ailments of later years of life. He had prescribed for them all a certain diet; those who followed it faithfully were markedly improved, as though the burden of years had fallen off them.

Others tried the diet and gave it up, their condition grew worse.

The diet consisted of meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese and plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Only under a physician's direction should the normal diet be supplemented with special substances. But everybody should bear in mind that certain natural foods are especially good sources of the nutrients mentioned in this article.

They are these: Nucleic acid—dried brewer's yeast, sweetbreads, kidney, liver, brains; Pantothenic acid—egg-yolk, wheat germ, yeast, kidney, liver, peanuts, milk and molasses; Vitamin B-6—eggs, yeast, wheat germ, milk, meat, rice polishings; Riboflavin — same, together with heart, liver, kidney, cheese, oysters; Vitamin A —liver, fish liver oils; green, red, yellow vegetables, many fruits, milk, butter, eggs; Calcium —milk, sardines, grains.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

DATING Sharman

When the Blond Daughter of Ambassador Douglas Fell in Love With London the Favor Was Returned by Some of England's Most Eligible Young Noblemen

By Roger Clark

EXCEPT for the regal surroundings, she might have been talking to a group of teen-age chums in an ice cream parlor back in Arizona.

As she mingled with the royal guests, her wide-set blue eyes, blond hair and trim figure gave her an air of friendly, careless grace. When she spoke, she was poised and vivacious yet completely unaffected.

Though only 18 years old and fresh from America, attractive Sharman Douglas, daughter of U. S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was already creating something of a sensation among the distinguished guests gathered at London's famed Buckingham Palace for a royal garden party.

That was in 1947, not long after her father first occupied his post as America's top representative in England. In the months that followed, Sharman not only reaffirmed the initial impression the British had gained of her but even improved on it.

While her father engrossed himself in important international affairs, she performed an equally vital service as an unofficial ambassador of good will. A favorite of the royal family, she became known everywhere as "the friend of the two princesses," Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

When General Lord Ismay's daughter, Sarah, married Flight-Lieut. Wentworth Beaumont at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Sharman served as a bridesmaid, a great honor, since the attendants at most such weddings are chosen from childhood friends and relatives.

She became one of the most talked-about young women in England. She was so attractive that reports spread that she would make a screen test for Film Producer J. Arthur Rank. These rumors were, however, squelched by her mother, who said a movie career was "the last thing" Sharman wanted.

Much more important, in the eyes of her parents, was the matter of her education. Her father, once a top executive at Canada's McGill University, had worked hard all his life, labored in the copper mines of his native Arizona, served in numerous important government jobs and headed a huge insurance company. The daughter of such a man could not spend her time in idleness.

When Sharman first arrived in England after a New York debut and a year at Vassar College it had been decided she would return to the United States to complete her schooling. But, as things turned out, she fell in love with London and London fell in love with her.

Accordingly, she persuaded her parents to let her enroll in a secretarial training course at Queen's College, Kensington, instead of returning home. "I believe," she said in explaining the purpose of her work, "that I should know how to get things done for myself."

When not engaged in her studies, Sharman was pursued by some of the most eligible young noblemen in England. As early as last February, her name was linked with that of the handsome Marquis of Milford Haven, 29-year-old great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and reportedly a suitor of Princess Margaret Rose.

After meeting her formally at several parties, Milford Haven asked Sharman for a date. Together with them that evening were Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Elizabeth. Somewhat later, when the young marquis gave a dinner party at Churchill's Club, Sharman was among the guests. After that, the pair were seen together on a number of occasions.

Once, while they were attending a movie premiere, someone in the audience, thinking Milford Haven might be escorting Princess Margaret Rose, called out, "Who's with you?" The marquis, with tongue in cheek, replied: "I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself." On another occasion, when asked to comment on his rumored engagement to Sharman, he remarked: "The navy is my first and only love."

The rumors of romance were further complicated when Sharman began to be seen in the company of young Lord Blandford, 22-year-old heir to the duchy of Marlborough and a relative of Winston Churchill. A member of one of England's greatest families, Blandford had been heralded as the favorite escort of Princess Margaret Rose.

Among Sharman's Many Dates Was Lord Blandford, Heir to the Duchy of Marlborough, and One of Princess Margaret Rose's Escorts.

Blandford and the Princess had been seen together frequently in public, and the Princess had even been given permission to spend a week end at Blenheim Palace, the huge Marlborough estate at Woodstock parish. When Margaret celebrated her 18th birthday, she had returned the invitation by asking Blandford to visit Balmoral Castle, one of the royal residences. By permitting publication of this news, the King and Queen appeared to have given the young man their stamp of approval. There were even rumors that a betrothal might be announced.

But then Margaret went to Scotland for a vacation, and Blandford switched his attentions to Sharman. On several occasions, he took her out for dinner and dancing and later was seen in her company at the American Embassy canteen where the couple lunched or drank milkshakes. When Sharman gave a party to celebrate her 20th birthday, she picked Blandford as the star guest for the function.

Again, however, there was little confirmation for rumors of romance. Sharman continued to see Milford Haven and, from all appearances, maintained her friendship with Princess Margaret Rose.

Moreover, despite the continual glare of publicity, she still retained the air of unaffected simplicity that had won the hearts of the British when she first arrived in England. "Sharman's charm," said her aunt, Mrs. John J. McCloy, "is in her naturalness. She is a completely wholesome and sweet girl, unspoiled and a good athlete."

Sharman appeared to accept her popularity with modesty and good grace. "It's very flattering," she remarked, "but I can't help wondering what they'd think of this in Arizona."

Heartbreaks

Unsmilingly, the Man Watched the Woman Hammer the Note on the Door With Her Slipper. The Gun in His Hand Grew Steady.

By Gene Coughlin

THE stage was set for a tragedy and the man and the woman in the New York penthouse played their parts with fierce intensity.

No smile relaxed the man's rigid features as he watched the woman, her luxuriant hair thrown back, her full lips pursed in concentration, hobble across the room wearing one boudoir slipper.

Using the heel of the other slipper as a hammer, she tacked a scrawled note on the door. The man leaned forward, squinted and read:

"The sunset has a heart. Look for us there."

Then the revolver appeared in the man's right hand, suddenly grown steady as he squeezed the trigger.

THE woman fell dead, a bullet in her heart. A second shot, as unerringly aimed as the first, completed the murder-suicide; fulfilled Actor Louis Bennison's oft-repeated threat:

"I won't let her leave me, ever!"

For Margaret Lawrence Munn Eddinger it was the premature end of a spectacular career that had seen her in turn as a strait-laced school-

Of Society

MARGARET LAWRENCE'S FALLEN STAR

The Beautiful Society Girl Was Stage-Struck and the Lure of the Footlights Was Still With Her When She Kept Her Last Tragic Rendezvous

girl, the pet of New York and Newport society, the toast of Broadway and, finally, the reluctant sweetheart of a cowboy turned actor who was to kill her and himself.

Through the later chapters of her tragic life the kaleidoscopic pattern, already bizarre, became a confused jumble as bootleg liquor hastened her rendezvous with death.

HER parents, the George Lawrences of Philadelphia, were alternately proud and dazed as their beautiful daughter dazzled classmates, beaux, society and theatre audiences.

Her enrollment at Swarthmore College removed Margaret Lawrence from the strict influences of Quaker family life and her selection as prettiest girl in the class led inevitably to campus theatricals.

"She's stage-struck now, but she's young," the family said. "She'll get over it."

But Margaret Lawrence never did get over the lure of the footlights. She dismayed her parents and startled Philadelphia society when she cut short her academic career and joined a stock company for a tour of the West.

She was 17 and the 20th century was in its first decade when Margaret returned to Philadelphia; not as the prodigal daughter, but as a featured player in "Two Orphans," performed at the Broad St. Theatre.

New York was the next stop and Broadway's acceptance of her gave the young actress the confidence she had lacked.

"I really wasn't any good at acting," she later confessed to one interviewer, "until I got to play in 'Over Night' in 1912. Broadway said I was good, and I seemed to become an actress as soon as I read the reviews."

Stage door Johnnies vied with bluebloods for her attention, and it was one of the latter who won.

ORSON D. MUNN was a big man physically, socially and financially. His grandfather of the same name had founded a successful firm of patent attorneys and had been co-owner of the Scientific American. His grandson followed in his footsteps.

He and Margaret had the blessings of both families when they were married in fashionable Grace Church, New York City, Dec. 14, 1911. There was a tacit understanding that the bride would give up the stage. She did—for a while—and devoted herself to the job of being a young society matron and a mother.

Two daughters, Louisine and Elizabeth, were born to the Munns, completing a family unit that was termed perfect by doting dowagers of the 400. Margaret was happy in her new career until 1917, when the United States entered World War I.

Orson Munn, who combined his ability as a sailor with a store of technical knowledge, signed on with the N. S. Navy and was commissioned a lieutenant commander, with duty overseas.

The separation proved too much for the emotionally unstable Margaret. Her children didn't take up enough of her time and boundless energy; with her husband away she wavered in her resolution to have nothing more to do with the theatre.

AGENTS and managers pointed out it was her patriotic duty to entertain and amuse the public. Finally, she accepted a part in "Tea for Three." The critics welcomed her return and Margaret Lawrence Munn, reading the reviews, made an optimistic decision:

"I can divide my life. I can spend part of my time behind the footlights and still be a good wife and mother."

It was something that other women had tried to do, only to fail in one capacity or both, but Margaret seemed to have made a success of both careers for some years after the Armistice.

Orson Munn returned to peacetime pursuits to find his beautiful wife the toast of Broadway, again; to see her starred in a 1920 production, "Wedding Bells," without in any way neglecting her husband or her children.

But something was happening to his marriage. Cast opposite Margaret Lawrence in the current hit was a comedian named Wallace Eddinger, as entertaining off stage as he was on, in the opinion of the beautiful leading lady.

IT WAS, both principals insisted, nothing but friendship. After all, Margaret and Wallace were each happily married and had no intention of changing their status. She continued in her off-stage role as Mrs. Orson D. Munn until 1923.

Then it was learned that the Munns had been secretly divorced in 1922—and Wallace Eddinger had been divorced, just as quietly. Grounds for the two divorces were not revealed.

For Margaret Lawrence, 1924 was the year of her great decision. She made it quickly and finally. Turning her back on family life and the society of Park Avenue, Newport and Southampton, she married Comedian Eddinger and rededicated her life to the stage.

"The marriage can't last," the theatrical world whispered. "They're both too temperamental."

Margaret Lawrance and Eddinger, who had created the role of Little Lord Fauntleroy in the stage version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous story, made a success of the marriage for four years and then an explosion of temperaments and tempers occurred. They separated and Margaret sued for divorce, charging cruelty.

THE case was never heard in court. Eddinger died in 1928 while the action was pending. He eft no will and Margaret was made administratrix of his $25,000 estate.

Eddinger's mother sought to have her removed and presented a parade of witnesses whose testimony was intended to show that the actress was an alcoholic.

Twice she had been intoxicated in the presence of her two children, then in their teens, one witness declared. While Margaret was denying the testimony, given by a former maid in the Munn household, more damaging evidence was introduced.

A witness testified that, on Oct. 22, 1928, she had failed to appear for the night performance of "Possession." During the afternoon of that day the actress had telephoned the theatre with the frantic announcement:

"I've been hurt in an automobile accident and can't appear tonight!"

Someone in the manager's office became concerned over the star's absence and went to her penthouse on New York's East Side to see if there was anything he could do.

UNFORTUNATELY, he reported, there wasn't. Margaret Lawrence was the victim of liquor and not an auto accident, the witness said. He added that she was not alone in her intoxication; that a man named Bennison was with her.

This testimony wasn't sufficient to have the widow removed as administratrix of Eddinger's estate, the Surrogate finding for her. But it was a terrific blow to her standing as a leading actress.

Her contract for playing in "Possession" was cancelled and the matter was heard by the council of the Actors' Equity Association, meeting behind closed doors.

The verdict, approved by her fellow troupers: Margaret Lawrence was to be banished from the American stage for a period of six months, and fined the equivalent of two weeks salary.

She joined, in exile, Jeanne Eagels, who had walked out on "Her Cardboard Lover" the same year and had drawn a similar sentence from Equity.

MARGARET LAWRENCE brooded over the ingratitude of the theatre and her fellow players. After all, she told herself and a few friends, she had made a great sacrifice in returning to the stage, renouncing her family life and her enviable social position as Mrs. Orson D. Munn.

Now, she sighed, there was no turning back. Munn had married Caroline Nunder and retained his social prestige with the annual listing in the Social Register. Margaret seldom, if ever, saw her two daughters, young ladies at the time and about to contract happy and lasting marriages.

She found sympathy, finally, and a kindred spirit in Louis Bennison, the man reported found in her apartment the day she had reported herself the victim of an automobile accident.

They had met first in Los Angeles when Margaret was married to Eddinger.

Bennison, born and raised on a California ranch, was an accomplished horseman and a fair actor. His rugged physique helped his stage career as a cowboy in the days of the silent movie.

In New York he had appeared in "Zizi" with Carlotta Montery and Irene Fenwick, but the days of his successes were behind him in 1929. Middle age left him with a toupee in place of his own hair; a bloated face had superseded the features that audiences had recognized as a personification of the "outdoor type."

DRINKING and reminiscing of the "good old days" threw Margaret Lawrence and Louis Bennison together at first. Then came a period of infatuation that was short-lived where the actress was concerned.

Margaret Lawrence, taking stock of herself at 40, decided they should go their separate ways. Alone, she could win her way back to stardom; with Bennison she was doomed to oblivion. They said their farewells and he accepted a loan of $900 to help him "get on his feet again."

That was early in June, 1929. Bennison's rehabilitation was never effected. He continued drinking and the liquor made him suspicious and garrulous. He muttered, to no one in particular:

"She's trying to get rid of me. And I won't let her leave me, ever."

She wasn't trying to get rid of him, at the time. Margaret Lawrence, unstable as an individual and helpless alone, was establishing, or seeking to establish, a partnership. She would help Bennison on the road back, he would help her.

They made plans; they used the telephone to call agents who, hearing the tangled syllables and sensing the situation, put them off. For them—the great actress and the man who aspired to be an actor—no road back, until they started scraping the roadbed with machinery of their own devising; will power.

SOME of the $900 went for a revolver, and some went for a bottle of gin. He took both to Margaret's penthouse on the morning of June 8.

They sat there for hours, possibly talking of what might have been, or what they would do to repay the world for its injustice and ingratitude. The level of the gin fell lower and lower in the bottle, and so did their spirits.

A bootlegger provided a second bottle and with it must have come the realization that their lives had been futile and should come to an end. That was when Margaret wrote the note:

"The sunset has a heart. Look for us there."

A FRIEND of the actress, Mrs. Gertrude Chalaire, found the farewell message—and the bodies—that afternoon, and Park Avenue, Broadway and Hollywood were startled by the tragic death of the woman who had equal listing in the Social Register and Who's Who in the Theatre.

Bennison's passing was unmarked.

"After all," one of her friends said, "he was just hitching onto her star for the ride down."

Other "Heartbreaks of Society" stories will appear in The American Weekly from time to time.

Illustrated by TOM WEBB

How to make a WILL

The Testament of Walter Malloy Was Perfectly Legal — Even Though Written in a Cheerful, Unconventional Form

The Poet's Daughter, Betty, Was a Beneficiary.

Malloy Could Find a Rhyme for Any Occasion —Even His Last.

FILED
SEP - 8 1948
C. P. McCLELLAND
PROBATE JUDGE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
WALTER MALLOY
COLUMBUS, OHIO

January, 1946

******

This Will Admitted to Probate & Record
SEP 8-1948
C.P. McCLELLAND
PROBATE JUDGE

Preamble:

My mind is sound, my heart beats true,
And, realizing what I do,
I take my trusty pen in hand
So Probate Courts throughout the land
May, after I have passed away
And faced my God on judgment day,
Know my desires, and see to it
My Will is carried out, towit:

Article I. Real Estate.

The home is in my good wife's name
And I request it stay the same,
But she may do as she deems fit,
'Tis my advice, get rid of it
And move into a cozy flat
To cut expense; that settles that.

Should I survive my loving spouse
Hold title to our land and house,
I will that, when I've run my race,
My boy and girl shall share the place.
Should either one desire to live
In the home place, then they must give
Unto the other, what seems fair,
To purchase outright their half share.

Article II. Money.

If I'm possessed of surplus cash,
A strange thing though that be,
I will my wife shall have it all
For bills or doctor's fee;
I give her title to all funds
In savings or in check
And ask that she shall pay my debts
So I'll be square, by heck!

Article III. Personal Estate.

Now any other worldly goods,
That I have laid away,
Will turn up in the safety box
And this is what I say:
My wife shall have the whole estate
As long as she may live
To spend, to hoard, to dissipate,
To share, to save, to give.
But when death's angel beckons her
Whatever may remain
Shall go unto my children
In this manner, I'll explain:

In equal parts to Betty, John
Or should they not survive,
Apportion 'mongst their children
Who may yet remain alive.

Article IV. Personal Belongings.

Of course there'll be other small trinkets
That naturally go to my boy,
There's my watch and my ring, in fact anything
He can have, that he'd likely enjoy.
I lack a memento for Betty,
I don't own a thing that she'd crave,
So I send from above, just a heartful of love
To cherish from now to her grave.

Article V. Life Insurance.

The inventory won't be great
There isn't much to my estate
But who's that coming in the gate?
The Life Insurance Man!
Here comes the cash, oh happy day,
He'll foot the bills and go his way
But every month he'll have to pay,
That Life Insurance Man!
Lo, many moons those checks will come
For quite a tidy little sum,
He's one good friend you need not shun,
The Life Insurance Man!

Article VI. Miscellaneous Provisions.

I don't have a host of relations,
Or others I'd care to endow
So I make a bequest, ere I go to my rest
To my niece, and my church, and here's how;
From the proceeds of cash Life Insurance
I will to my niece, Margaret Price,
And to St. Paul's East Broad, where I often have trod,
Just one thousand each: ain't that nice!
For it only seems right that my children
And my grandchildren, born unto them,
Should eventually get what my efforts and sweat
Laid by as a windfall, Amen!

Signed Walter Malloy

Dated: Columbus, Ohio, January 29, 1946

Witnessed:

Name: Helen M. Quinn, Address Columbus, Ohio

Name: Beaudine Sherman, Address Columbus, Ohio

Signed in my presence this 29th day of January, 1946, by the said Walter Malloy.

Geo. J. O'Hara

WHEN anybody graduated or had a birthday or got well, when the company came to dinner or his fellow workers were depressed by the depression, Walter Malloy wrote a verse suitable to the occasion.

When he died not long ago in Columbus, Ohio, two weeks before he was to retire after 45 years with the Ohio Bell Telephone Company, probate of his will disclosed that his fondness for rhyming extended to his last testament.

In flowing meter he left portions of a $100,000 estate to his widow, his sons, John, and daughter, Betty; a niece, Margaret Price, and to St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He gave lyrical advice on the disposal of his home, the distribution of his mementos, the payment of his bills.

Probate court officials said the document, reproduced on this page, was unique—and legal.

By Charles Renshaw, Jr.

YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW *is a guest*

You Can't Charge Her for Lodging, Says the Oregon Supreme Court, Unless You Have a Specific Agreement to That Effect.

LIKE many elderly women with a small income, Mrs. Mary Ibach didn't want the bother of handling her own money. In July, 1941, she began turning over certain sums periodically to one of her daughters, Mrs. Ida Hoffman. She asked that Mrs. Hoffman's husband, Harry, place the money in his lock box in the bank for safekeeping.

That act, in itself, probably wouldn't have caused any trouble. But in February, 1942, Mrs. Ibach went to stay with the Hoffmans on their modest truck farm near the strawberry-growing community of Banks, Ore.

On the surface, at least, there was nothing unusual about her arrival. She had "visited" various relatives for indeterminate periods. Since Ida Hoffman was her favorite daughter, it seemed natural that she should spend some time with her. The question was how much time.

When Mrs. Ibach arrived at the farm, nothing was said as to how long she would remain. Her daughter and son-in-law turned over the house to her and moved into their adjoining log cabin. At mealtimes the family ate at the same table.

Since America was already at war, Harry Hoffman was away from home most of the day working in the shipyards at Portland. Mrs. Ibach, though unable to assist in any of the heavy housework, did occasionally wash dishes. As the months passed, she continued to turn over additional cash to daughter Ida for safekeeping in Harry's strong box. In September, 1944, her income, derived from the settlement of her late husband's estate, ceased. By then she had entrusted $1,770 to the couple's care.

More months passed and Mrs. Ibach's welcome began to wear thin. Relations between her and the Hoffmans became strained.

By the time she prepared to leave in September, 1945, after a 42-month stay, tempers were at a breaking point.

Then, shortly before her departure, she asked her daughter for the $1,770. That did it.

Mrs. Hoffman replied by telling her to "ask Harry for it!" More angered than ever, Mrs. Ibach left the house and went to live with other relatives. Subsequently she received $100 from Hoffman through the mail.

Later, an additional $500 was added.

When her attorney, Francis E. Sturgis, attempted to collect the remainder of the money, the Hoffmans declared Mrs. Ibach owed them $1,260 for board and room during her visit.

In response to that contention, the elderly woman filed suit in Washington County Circuit Court in February, 1946, to collect the $1,170 still outstanding.

Mrs. Ibach testified there had been no understanding that she was to pay for her room and board. The money she turned over to the Hoffmans, she said, was merely for safekeeping.

The daughter and son-in-law, on the other hand, stated that they had expected to be compensated, though they admitted they had never told Mrs. Ibach they intended to charge her for her keep. When she gave them the money, they said, she told them to "go ahead and use it for what we wanted—it would be ours sometime anyway." Harry Hoffman further testified that a good deal of the money had been used to purchase special foods and medicines for Mrs. Ibach.

It was also testified that part of the $1,770 was spent for an "extra" car used to transport Mrs. Ibach to and from town. Hoffman stated the vehicle was purchased at his mother-in-law's suggestion; but she denied the allegation.

The court, in a decision handed down on Sept. 20, 1947, upheld completely Mrs. Ibach's claim, and ordered the Hoffmans to pay her $1,170 plus costs. The Hoffmans subsequently appealed to the state supreme court. In a unanimous opinion returned Oct. 5, 1948, the high tribunal affirmed the lower court's decision.

The ruling, in effect, held that a man's mother-in-law, when regarded as a member of the household, is a guest in his home and not a boarder, even if she overstays her welcome by months or years. Neither the man nor his wife, the court stated, can collect any money for food and lodging unless there is a specific contract stipulating such an agreement.

In handing down its decision, the tribunal cited a similar ruling by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court on April 25, 1892.

In that case, the court refused to grant an $850 claim entered by Eli McHenry against the estate of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Anne Young. McHenry sought compensation for services rendered to the elderly woman.

For 14 years prior to her death in 1888, the evidence showed, Mrs. Young had lived about half the time with her son, A. P. Young, and the remainder with her daughter and son-in-law. On her last visit to the McHenrys, she became extremely ill and was confined to bed most of the time until her death some months later.

During that period, she was well cared for by her daughter and son-in-law. After her death, McHenry presented his claim for "services, care, nursing and attention" administered throughout the elderly woman's last days.

In its decision, the court ruled that since there was "no evidence of any express contract for pay for the services rendered . . . this claim of Eli McHenry should not be allowed . . ." The family relationship between Mrs. Young and the claimant, the court stated, was well established and therefore, barring proof of a specific agreement, McHenry was not entitled to payment for room and board.

In the Hoffman case, however, the outcome was not so simple. Mrs. Ibach died while the court was still considering the evidence. Since she left no will, the final disposition of her estate, consisting mainly of the disputed $1,770, was yet to be decided.

Illustrated by E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

Mrs. Ibach's Daughter Welcomed Her With Open Arms. No One Discussed How Long She Would Stay. She Remained for 42 Months.

Not One~But Two~ CIRCUS BRIDES

F. Harold Van Orman, Former Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, and His Circus Queen Bride. Their Courtship Extended Across Two Continents.

Exclusive American Weekly Photograph by Tony Sarno

The Wealthy Hotel Owner's Enthusiasm for the Big Top Is So Complete He Marries Only Circus Girls

By Ursula Trow

F. HAROLD VAN ORMAN, 64-year-old hotel owner and former lieutenant-governor of Indiana, is a man who loves circus stars. He married two of them.

Latest to leave the circus tent for Mr. Van Orman's hotel suite is blond, dimple-cheeked Kitty Clark. She was 26, and before she retired last year, because of a leg injury, traveled with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus as aerial ballet artist, bareback rider and lion tamer.

Before her, in the hotel man's circus loves, was Harriet Hodgini Van Orman, also a bareback rider.

Harriet, along with her parents and her brother, was the feature act in the Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty Circus when she met and married Van Orman in 1935. She was 20 at the time. Her husband was 51. Her divorce 10 years later, in which she asked for custody of their son—and a quarter of a million dollars—didn't dampen his appreciation of femininity under the Big Top.

Van Orman's weakness for wives from the circus has been a boon to the air lines. When he was courting Harriet, he flew all over the country, to be wherever the circus took her.

He wooed Kitty from Rio de Janeiro. They had met in November, 1946, at the McCurdy, Van Orman's hotel in Evansville, Ind., and already they had something in common—a bandaged hand. Kitty had jerked her hand back a split second late in her act with Sheba, the lioness. Harold had been in an automobile accident.

The friendship blossomed, but after a month business took Van Orman to South America. Kitty moved to Toledo, Ohio, with the circus.

The charms of South America's brunette belles did not dim Van Orman's memory of Kitty's blond beauty, and she received a cable from Rio. It said: "Meet me in New York."

Kitty cabled back: "Can't make it. But letter will be there for you."

Harold landed in New York, but he found no Kitty and no letter waiting for him.

Kitty had gone home for a visit. Harold knew only that she lived in Elkhart, Ind., but a sympathetic hotel official dug up Kitty's address and phone number.

"Where's the letter?" Van Orman demanded, when he got her on the wire.

"I didn't write it," Kitty told him. "I figured you for the type I'd met before and didn't see any point in carrying on our friendship."

Van Orman can talk fast when he has to, and Kitty, temporarily out of the circus because of a leg injury, rented quarters near Mr. Van Orman's home for a prolonged stay.

The romance drifted along for months.

"He can't seem to make up his mind," Kitty confided to Van Orman's secretary. "I'm going to New York."

Van Orman rushed to New York and talked marriage. It was a June wedding for the hotel magnate and his second circus queen.

Love of the circus seems to have come naturally to the man who had fallen heir to a chain of hotels. As a youngster he'd interrupt his parents' dinner parties by pushing in a soapbox and making ballyhoo speeches.

Van Orman was a leading man in campus dramatics at prep school and at Harvard University in the early 1900s. Later, his showman's bent found an outlet in hometown theatrical productions, civic and club affairs. He was end man in an Evansville minstrel that boasted real talent in the person of Freeman Gosden, now the "Amos" in radio's "Amos 'n' Andy."

He dug up his old soapbox-speechmaking act again, put a little more oomph into it and became the people's choice for Indiana state senator and then, in 1924, for lieutenant-governor.

Kitty got into the circus by way of her father's baton factory. She became a drum majorette with the high school band and, at 14, won a national baton twirling contest.

Her form caught the eye of a Hagenbeck-Wallace scout, and she signed up after graduation to lead the circus grand parade. A year later she was with Ringling Brothers.

Kitty learned to ride, "worked" wild animals and had a fling as a trapeze and ladder artist.

The new Mrs. Van Orman doesn't believe that she will have much trouble keeping a 64-year-old husband under control, especially one who finds circus queens so fascinating.

TRAGEDY OF THE TOO-LOYAL WIFE

She Saved the Life of Her Husband, a Morphine Addict, Three Times — But Whoever Told Her He Wouldn't Harm Her Made a Frightful Mistake

By Booton Herndon

ON THE golf course, her graceful, powerful drive proclaimed her an athlete. At the country club dances, it was easy to see how she had won out over 2,000 contestants some years before in a national beauty contest.

But she was lonely.

He was an expert trap-shooter and an enthusiastic skier, and his fame as a heart specialist was international. He, too, attended the country club dances at Darien, Conn., and he, too, was lonely.

In their early 40s, with unsuccessful marriages behind each of them, they decided to be lonely no longer. The former Gertrude Artelt became the wife of Dr. Henry B. Turner.

In a few years, Mrs. Turner began to wonder if she hadn't made a mistake. There were little things. Her husband was most inconsistent. Sometimes he was very happy. Sometimes he seemed extremely irritable and nervous.

Once she happened to find him giving himself a hypodermic injection. Startled by her unexpected appearance, he quickly regained his composure and told her he was administering a cold serum. Another time, he said he was taking a hormone preparation.

"I have to take a lot of shots," he said airily. "Don't worry about it."

After that he made no effort to hide the procedure. She noticed that he was frequently calmer and easier to live with after an injection, but she thought nothing of it. She had no idea that those injections had anything to do with a Jekyll and Hyde personality.

Even after she knew she wanted a divorce she hesitated to speak to her attorney. Her first marriage ended with the death of her husband, William Henry de Guigneones, wealthy New York cotton broker. Her second, to Donald Curran, a sculptor, had ended in divorce. She had one child by each marriage. She had hoped, desperately, that she could make this marriage a success.

Finally, however, she visited Judge William A. Kelly, a Darien neighbor who practiced in near-by Stamford, and told him she just didn't see how she could live any longer with Dr. Turner.

When her husband heard that she wanted a divorce he pleaded with her not to leave him. Then he asked her not to go to court in the community, as his former wife had done, because of his professional standing. She agreed to make the long trip to Reno.

Just before she was due to leave, Dr. Turner attempted to commit suicide. He took an overdose of some drug by injection, and went into a deep coma. His heart withstood the first attack of the drug, and medical aid summoned quickly by Mrs. Turner arrived in time to save him.

She found out, then, for the first time that Dr. Turner was a drug addict. What he called cold serum and hormones was really morphine.

She watched over him while he was convalescing. Then, one morning while she was in the kitchen fixing coffee for him, she heard a noise upstairs and ran back up to find him fumbling in a closet. She led him back to bed. Later she found a loaded revolver in the closet and realized she had saved him a second time.

That same afternoon, he went into the bathroom and drank the contents of a bottle of poison.

Mrs. Turner summoned aid again, and again he was saved. This time he was taken to a sanitarium.

"My advice to you," her lawyer told her in his office the next day, "is to leave now. Go on to Reno."

"No," she said, "I'd better stay. He may need me when he comes out."

"But he may be dangerous."

"No," she said again. "The doctors have told me that as a morphine addict he may be suicidal, but that he won't want to harm me. I've saved his life three times."

Released from the sanitarium, apparently in good spirits, Dr. Turner moved into a Stamford hotel. Only the few men who quietly visited him, and he, himself, knew that they were federal agents. They had evidence that he had been obtaining morphine by fraudulent methods, in order to gratify his craving. An indictment for violation of the narcotics laws was being prepared.

One morning a few weeks ago, Mrs. Turner drove into Stamford early. She had her hair done, got her railroad tickets to Reno, prepared checks to go with all her bills, and then went to Judge Kelly's office, where she had arranged to meet her husband. Dr. Turner was waiting in the reception room. They went into the attorney's private office together.

Judge Kelly looked at Dr. Turner closely. The doctor seemed to be in excellent spirits. He agreed to sign any paper which would make it easier for his wife to divorce him. When they got up to go together, Judge Kelly started to suggest it might be better if they did not go out together. But they waved good-by and were gone before he could put his thoughts into words.

Together, side by side, still a handsome couple, they went to one or two shops in the immediate vicinity and Mrs. Turner paid her last bills.

Mrs. Turner Found Her Husband Frantically Searching for Something in the Closet. Later, She Found a Revolver There.

Illustrated by O. F. SCHMIDT

"Well," she said, "I have my car. I'll drop you off at the hotel on the way to the station."

As she drove into the driveway of the hotel, Dr. Turner calmly reached into his pocket and took out a small foreign-made revolver. He pointed it at her right temple, and pulled the trigger. She died instantly.

Then he shot himself, also in the right temple. The car rolled on and crashed into the garage doors. Police came, and found in Dr. Turner's pocket a suicide note. It had been there all morning, with the gun.

They took him to the hospital, but he died without regaining consciousness. Mrs. Turner could not save him that time. He had seen to that.

The SPELLMAN S

By Warren Hall

THE Spellmans were together again. Shoulder to shoulder, as always, Will Spellman and his children sat beneath a canvas canopy big enough to house a circus and watched a thousand guests thread between the linen-topped tables.

Probably not one of the Spellmans thought of it then, but the party was a triumph for the American way of life. It couldn't even have been dreamed of in Russia; it couldn't have happened anywhere except in America.

They were all there, the Spellmans, excepting Nellie Spellman, and it seemed that she must be there in spirit to observe this particularly striking proof that not all the fine families happen to have been founded by immigrants who came over on the Mayflower.

It would have comforted her, the daughter of an immigrant ox-driver, to know that her two daughters were married to men high up in the service of their country and state; that two of her sons were outstandingly successful surgeons and that her third and oldest son was Cardinal of the largest archdiocese in the Western Hemisphere, America's good-will ambassador to the world and the greatest foe of Communism in the United States.

This occasion for another Spellman reunion was a wedding, but it was a wedding far different from the ceremony two generations earlier that had united two of the half-dozen Irish families in Whitman, Mass., 25 miles from Boston.

THAT was 60 years ago, and the Spellmans already had lived for a quarter of a century in the Yankee manufacturing village. Patrick Spellman, a bootmaker, had learned his trade in Ireland. He went into partnership with the owner of the Whitman general store, but only in the shoe business. In a loft above the store they turned out fine footgear on order for wealthy Bostonians.

When Patrick's oldest boy, Will, was big enough to help, he trudged to the shop every afternoon after school. He put every ounce of his intense earnestness into the work. If he drove a nail in wrong, it made him so angry that he bent over and yanked it out with his teeth.

Will spent all his time in the shop after his schooldays were over. His mother thought he ought to surrender part of his earnings to pay his board at home, but his father only laughed.

"Don't worry, darling," Patrick said. "He's a thrifty lad and he'll find good use for his money."

He did. When he was 22, Will started a grocery store. The Whitman girls thought he would make a fine catch and found many excuses to drop into the little grocery, but Will treated them impartially until the afternoon in 1888 when he looked across the counter into the blue eyes of Ellen Conway.

The Conways had lived in near-by Plimpton until John Conway got a job driving an ox team for a Whitman tack factory and moved there so his children would have only five miles to walk to Mass in Abington each Sunday. Will Spellman was eight years older than Ellen, who was always called Nellie, and the few times he had seen her he had considered her a little girl. He changed his mind quickly that afternoon.

As he weighed out five pounds of beans and a pound of sugar, he observed that she was tall, graceful and had the most charming smile he had ever seen. He wasted no time. Within a week he was paying court regularly and a few weeks later they were married.

LOOKING back over his 90 years, Will tried hard the other day to figure out where all the money came from.

"I guess everything just went further in those days," he said, but that hardly seemed to be the answer. The income from a one-horse grocery in a small town was, to most families in the same circumstances at the same time, barely enough to provide the necessities. It did much more for the Spellmans.

For eight years after their marriage, Will and Nellie lived in a rented home. Then, somehow, there was money enough to buy the Healy place, a big house with a wide expanse of tree-dotted lawn and a rambling barn to house the horse and the wagon in which the groceries were delivered. There was money also to live graciously, even though frugally.

It was a hard-working and deeply religious household.

"Stand still, Marion. How can I tell if the skirt is the proper length when you're squirming around? There. You can get down now. And call the others—it's time for prayers."

Marion stepped down from the table and slipped out of the dress her mother was making. She pulled a robe around her and shouted out of the back door. The boys trooped in: Francis, the eldest, Martin and little John. Helene poked her head through the kitchen doorway. Her father came in from the barn. They all knelt in their accustomed places.

Saying the Rosary was a nightly custom. More than a ritual, it was a symbol of family unity.

The years passed. They whirled by in a kaleidoscope of scenes and recollections, hellos and good-bys.

"Hurry, children, your father is waiting in the buggy to drive you to the station."

The last suitcase was snapped shut. Francis and Martin carried the bags down stairs. Marion hastily finished tying a scarf around her hair. Vacation was over and the three of them were returning to school. It was usually a tearful occasion.

Frank would be going back to Fordham, Martin to Georgetown and Marion to St. Joseph's College at Brentwood, L. I. They always took the boat from Fall River to New York. It was pleasant and it was cheaper—a most important consideration when three children are being sent to college and two more are going to school at home—all on the profit from a few shelves of food or the sale of a wisely-bought building lot.

When Frank was graduated with honors in 1911, there was a chance for him to study at the North American College in Vatican City.

"We can manage it, can't we, Will?"

"Sure, Mother, we'll manage."

There were many trips a prospective priest could take in Europe during vacations if he had the money. Each summer a money order arrived from Whitman.

Helene was at Manhattanville College, when Frank returned from Rome. John, just graduating from high school, met him at the station.

"I know you're Father Francis because you are the only priest getting off the train."

"That's right, lad, and who are you?"

"I'm your brother John."

It seemed to Nellie Spellman, as it does to most mothers, that one day her children were hanging onto her skirts and the next day they were all grown. When they gathered around her in Whitman, as they did every Sunday and holiday later in her life, it was hard for her to realize that Marion was starting a family of her own, that Francis, a Monsignor high in the Pope's household, had made a trip home from Rome to marry Helene to Geo[illegible] Garrity of near by Abington; that Martin [illegible] had graduated in medicine at Georgetow[illegible] before going overseas with the Army medical corps, and John who had graduated from Holy C[illegible] and finished at Harvard Medical School, were both practicing in Boston.

She considered their personal problems and offered sound advice to all of them, even to Francis when he came back home as auxiliary bishop of Boston in 1933. Because of a throat ailment, she was unable to talk, but the proud look in her eyes spoke volumes when the end came in 1935. Within a matter of minutes, Bishop Spellman was saying Mass beside her bed.

The family carried on, Francis, Archbishop

Story

Will Spellman's Faith and Devotion to American Ideals Were Rewarded When One Son Became a Cardinal, Two Others Successful Surgeons and His Daughters Married Prominent Men

★ ★ ★

Bob Spellman's Impressive Marriage to Gloria Hamel Was the Occasion for a Happy Reunion.

When Marion, Dr. Martin, Helene, Dr. John and Francis Cardinal Spellman Gathered Around Their Father at the Wedding Reception, the Humble Grocer Was Rightly Proud of His Distinguished Children.

of New York in 1939 and then Cardinal, assumed a leadership in the Catholic Church considered by many to be second only to that of the Pope. His home training in the omnipotence of faith and the importance of saving made him not only a great spiritual leader but an astute businessman as well.

After he took charge of the Archdiocese of New York, he entered into negotiations with Wall Street's hard-headed bankers to decrease the interest rates on mortgaged church property. The changes he was able to effect saved the church many thousands of dollars and enabled him to continue a building program for Catholic schools which other dioceses had been forced to discontinue.

The success of his brother, Martin, was also remarkable. He had been named medical examiner of the Boston Fire Department the day before he left for Rome in 1932 to witness the elevation of Francis as bishop. He was medical consultant of the Greater Boston War Manpower Commission, impartial examiner for the Boston Department of Industrial Accidents and regional health consultant for the National Youth Administration.

JOHN, president of the Federation of Catholic Physicians Guilds, became attached to the staffs of Palmer Memorial and Massachusetts General hospitals and chief of the surgical service at St. Elizabeth's. He resigned from the Massachusetts Board of Registration in Medicine to become professor of surgery at Tufts.

As a trial attorney for the Securities and Exchange Commission in Boston, Helene's husband, George Garrity, was credited with driving securities swindlers out of New England. He was made an assistant United States Attorney in 1937 and, after serving as a naval officer during the war, was sworn in as Acting U. S. Attorney in Boston in 1945. He resigned two years later to resume private practice.

Arthur Pegnam, whom Marion married, became Assistant Director of the Massachusetts Division of Employment Security. They had four daughters, three of whom married, and three sons. Two of the girls bore sons five days apart in the same Boston hospital not long ago, and the Cardinal flew from New York to officiate at a double christening.

John's two sons and his daughter took no interest in medicine, but Martin's family was different. His daughter, Kathleen, graduated from Cornell Medical School before marrying Dr. Robert McLaurin, a neurologist whose family is socially prominent in Texas. She helps her father occasionally but spends most of her time caring for her two little girls.

Martin's younger boy, Frank, matriculated at Fordham and headed for a business career, but the other, Bob, who won his medical degree at Georgetown, became a doctor in the Navy, stationed at Chelsea Naval Hospital. Although those who speak only to Cabots might disagree, his wedding the other day to Gloria Hamel was generally considered the biggest social event in Massachusetts since the marriage of Governor Curley's daughter.

It was a great day for the Spellmans, the Irish and the town of Haverhill, 40 miles north of Boston, where hundreds stood in the rain outside Sacred Heart Church while 750 of the elite watched Cardinal Spellman perform the ceremony at the altar and heard Morton Downey sing from the choir loft.

EVERYTHING was there—the garlanded candles along the aisles, the silk hats and striped trousers, the craning necks, the photographers' flash bulbs, the red plush carpet under the long canopy from the front door to the street, the tremendous reception afterward at the Haverhill Country Club, the queue of guests that took an hour and a half to pass the receiving line; orchestras and ferns, turkeys and hams and lobster Newburgh, and many rare delicacies.

Society was there, carefully noting who wasn't; politicians were there, glaring at one another and smiling at beautiful Gloria, the bride, daughter of Louis Hamel of Haverhill, who started without a penny and built up one of the biggest leather empires in the world.

Through it all sat Will Spellman, pleased and proud and a trifle puzzled that 48 years in a tiny grocery should have any bearing on something like this. After a while he was anxious to get back to his home in Whitman, where he could have the companionship of Marion's family and the ministrations of Bill, a rotund ex-fireman whose job of taking him for long afternoon drives was flavored with the joy of ushering him into strange places, proclaiming proudly:

"This is the Cardinal's father."

A car came to take him home. Young Martin Pegnam sitting beside him asked

"How come you didn't have an automobile before now, Grandpa?"

Will's eyes twinkled. "There were investments—such as children—much more important than automobiles," he said.

The Horse THEY DIDN'T WANT

Mrs. Ambrose Clark's Jumper Couldn't Win a Jumping Race, but He Was Something to Reckon With When They Started Him on the Flat

By Irving Johnson

THERE was a fair band of sprinters in the fifth at Saratoga one day last August and a dark bay gelding named Tea-Maker was [illegible] in the field of 10.

It was a maiden race—that is, a race for horses that had never won before—but some of the starters had shown flashes of form and a few were known to have a high turn of speed. In such company, Tea-Maker was a forgotten entry.

He was a five-year-old jumper with a dismal record over the hurdles. He hadn't raced till he was five and in seven outings had finished [illegible] once. This was his first race on the flat.

His owner, Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, specialized in jumpers and the few flat racers she had didn't amount to much. This one had been schooled exclusively for steeplechasing.

The crowd at the Spa shoved its dollars [illegible] the windows on three favorites, Radiate II, Brass Band and Harbor. By post time, Tea-Maker was better than 50 to 1. Only a few chronic longshot players were interested.

Then the horses were off and nobody was worried when the despised Tea-Maker broke out of the pack. He soon dropped back to fifth. Then he moved up gradually going to the far turn. He was running second at the top of the stretch and won as he pleased.

The mutuel price was $103.30.

J. D. Byers, trainer for Mrs. Clark, was elated. Only a short time before, he said, Mrs. Clark had given up on the gelding and wanted to dispose of him.

"We did get rid of some horses," he said, "and someone wanted to buy Tea-Maker. But I out-talked him and we kept the horse."

Anyway, the Saratoga race was only the beginning of an astonishing racing season for Mrs. Clark's unwanted ex-jumper.

Tea-Maker was such a beautiful jumper in practice Byers decided after he won the Saratoga sprint to try him again over the hurdles. But he ran true to form, a distant sixth in a field of seven—41 lengths behind the winner.

It was a terrible performance, according to the trainer, and Tea-Maker's next race was a seven furlong sprint at Aqueduct, in New York. He ran away from a good field and rewarded his backers with a neat $37.40.

Eight days later, he started in a mile and a half race at Belmont Park and won by a length, paying $14.40.

Now Mrs. Clark knew she was going to keep him. Here was an all-purpose horse that could apparently win any kind of a race—from a short dash to a punishing mile and a half.

Tea-Maker was entered in a mile and an eighth against such topflight handicap stars as Quarter Pole and War Trophy and ran third. It was the fastest mile and an eighth turned in at Belmont all season and Tea-Maker was beaten by a mere three and a half lengths.

Then he ran out of the money in a mile and a half handicap and came right back to outrun such brilliant speedsters as Flying Weather and Winter Wheat at six furlongs. The bettors overlooked him this time and the gelding paid $62.70.

After that, he was fourth in a mile and an eighth handicap and won a mile and a sixteenth allowance race and another sprint. Again the bettors were fooled. He paid $24.10.

His next outing was a five and a half furlong dash against some of the fastest sprinters in the East. The order of finish was Grey Flight, Tea-Maker, Buzfuz—and Byers insisted his horse would have won if he hadn't been bothered by Buzfuz.

Then Tea-Maker was shipped to Pimlico, in Maryland, where he ran third in the mile and three-quarters Governor Bowie Handicap.

Afterwards, he was unplaced in a two miles and a sixteenth marathon at Pimlico and was beaten by a nose in a mile and a sixteenth handicap at Jamaica. His earnings at that point were more than $20,000.

While Tea-Maker was building up his reputation, Mrs. Clark paid $106,000 for Algasir, a two-year-old stakes winner. Only recently, Trainer Byers said he would not swap Tea-Maker for Algasir even-up.

"I'd trade him for no horse now," he said, "even though he's five."

Tea-Maker, a son of Only One and the mare Tea Leaves, by Pharamond II, was bred by Mrs. Clark and was a cripple, said Byers, till 1946. The horse had trouble with his stifle, Byers said, and was kept in Kentucky till he was four.

He was trained at the barrier and showed good speed in short workouts.

"It's funny," said the trainer, "but he took the high jumps perfectly, but was no good racing over the lower hurdles. We may make a good steeplechase horse out of him yet. We're likely to try him in a jumping race any day.

"As a flat racer, he can run any distance. He can run in front and you can rate him along or he can come from behind. Weight doesn't bother him.

"He's a quiet horse, so doggone quiet you think he's sick. He just stands there with his head down, but when you saddle him he struts around and then he's ready to go."

Tea-Maker is a bad workhorse. According to Byers, he won't work in the morning like other horses.

"That," he said, "is why we race him so much. Any horse can outrun him in the morning, but it's a different tune in the afternoon. His races are his workouts. We just have to race him to keep him fit."

American Weekly Photograph by Tony Sarno

Tea-Maker Is a Quiet, Gentle Horse — So Quiet, Says His Trainer, You Think He's Sick.

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Philip Hiss' LONG AT-HOME

The Rich Young Socialite Found Romance in the Exotic Orient With the Interpretive Dancer, but It Cooled When He Wouldn't Go to Work Like Other Men

In Happier Days Philip Hanson Hiss, III, Gave His Wife Gifts and Flowers, but Later, Other Hobbies Took Most of His Time.

By Galvin O'Brien

MARJORIE BOOTH didn't suspect that Philip Hanson Hiss, III, was the kind of man who would stay at home, puttering around the house until you felt like screaming.

Imaginative, charming and six feet tall, he impressed her as being an individual who was bound to make his mark in some steady job.

After attending four prep schools, he didn't care to go to college and started dabbling in Hindu mythology, photography and writing.

Son of a prominent New York surgeon and descendant of a pioneer Dutch family, he told his mother, when he was 20, that he wanted material and photographs for a book on travel.

The way to get that was by traveling—so his mother financed a round-the-world tour for him. That was how he and Marjorie, a talented and successful interpretive dancer, happened to get acquainted in Tokyo in 1930.

Marjorie made a lasting impression on him, too. In fact, he abandoned his world tour and followed the 20-year-old dancer all over the Far East, proposing marriage at least once a day. Flowers and gifts followed her every performance and finally, in Honolulu, she accepted and they were married on July 10, 1931.

He took his bride home to meet his parents and the couple soon settled down in Connecticut.

When Hiss planned their own home on Brushy Ridge Rd., New Canaan, he decided to make it everything he had dreamed. According to Marjorie, he spent $124,000 on the house, which included all kinds of special equipment for his photography and his experimental work, including a specially-filtered water supply, dark rooms, print rooms and drying rooms.

The romantic idyll began to burst, however, soon after Philip and Marjorie moved into the fabulous combination home-laboratory.

Perhaps Marjorie should have known better, but she evidently thought she had married a man who would get himself a regular job and would be a typical commuter five days a week.

Philip Hanson Hiss had no such outlook on life, though his hobbies brought little money.

His photography cost him thousands, and his writings are said to have netted him only a few hundred dollars from a single article. His interest in Hindu mythology was serious enough to induce him to name his new $70,000 yacht, The Garuda, which in mythology is half giant and half eagle.

In 1939, the split came. Marjorie got a Reno decree. No sooner were they divorced, however, than she found out that, though she couldn't live happily with her husband, she couldn't live without him, either.

They began going out together and on Sept. 16, 1940, were remarried and went back to live in the New Canaan home. She said she remarried because she loved him and because of their two children, plus the urging of his mother and their friends.

This time the marriage lasted until the fall of 1947, when Hiss decided to rent their home and live on the Garuda. Marjorie went along, accompanied by their seven-year-old son, because, she said, she had no other place to live.

Her sea life ended, however, when the Garuda reached the Bahamas, where the mother and son went to live with a friend.

Her available cash was soon nearly gone, so she went back to New Canaan and rented a $150-a-month home, to await Philip's return.

Almost a year later, Hiss came home but took off again on Aug. 1, 1948, after allegedly advising Marjorie to get another divorce.

She didn't seek a divorce, but she did go into court for a settlement of her financial troubles.

She asked for a lump sum of $250,000 or $15,000 a year for herself and two children.

She was granted $600-a-month temporary alimony pending final action on her suit. "I don't want a divorce," she told the court. "I still love my husband. I always have. I am ready to take him back if only he will get a regular job like other husbands. His puttering and wandering around the house all day make me nervous.

"Besides having to manage a big house and care for our children, I had to wait on him all day and cater to his every whim and desire.

"My husband is the kind of a man who isn't satisfied with what everybody else in the United States would accept. Last year, for example, he needed a new movie camera but none of the cameras in this country suited him. So he ordered one built and it cost $4,200.

"Philip was an only child and his mother spoiled him. I continued right where his mother left off. Now I can see the mistake I made."

Hiss took the stand and replied:

"I am a writer and photographer. I have to stay home to do my work."

He made no mention of his wife's offer of reconciliation and added that his net assets were only about $200,000. The Garuda he valued at $60,000. The house on Brushy Ridge Rd. at $47,000. Stocks, bonds and cash at $125,000.

Mrs. Hiss said her husband always told her he was worth much more than that.

"He often told me his stocks and bonds alone were worth over a quarter of a million dollars. Besides, his mother is extremely wealthy and always makes up the deficits."

She pointed out that their house alone was worth $124,000, but admitted they couldn't sell it today for anything like that figure.

No sooner had the preliminary hearing closed than Hiss boarded the Garuda and headed for a Caribbean cruise and picture-taking voyage for a new book he plans.

His wife went back home to her children, hoping that her husband would return to her, but only if he takes a job that gets him out of the house every weekday.

'I'll be seeing you'

By Larry Newman

The Texas Colonel Was Outspoken to Princesses and Commoners Alike, a Fact Which Incensed Her Highness Until She Found Love in His Words

THE dark, dazzling 18-year-old beauty was fascinated by the handsome youth who sat beside her in art class.

The friendly atmosphere of Leipzig in the spring of 1929 was a romantic haven for art students from all over the world.

Each day, Agnes Dolores Katharina Morgano-Pleier became more interested in the suave, intelligent young man.

Their formal meeting came about as she wished—at a late afternoon tea. He was introduced as William Obeidullah, of Afghanistan and Rome. Agnes was pleased when she heard that he had a home in Rome, for her father was Italian and she also had lived there. Love being what it is, that coincidence, giving them something in common, drew them closer together right away.

Within a few days the couple was inseparable. They were frequent companions of the former Crown Prince of Germany, Frederick William, and his various friends.

Only a few days before the youth asked Dolores to become his bride did he reveal his true identity. He was Prince Obeidullah, son of the exiled King Habibullah. They lived in a marble palace in Rome, far from the toil and strife of their native Afghanistan.

Although he was a Mohammedan, Prince Obeidullah agreed to marry the beautiful Italo-German girl in a Christian church in Rome.

No sooner were they wed, however, than the romantic idyll burst. True to his princely whims, Obeidullah forced his young bride to move into the marble palace and she had to wear the traditional veil which she said "fitted like a tent, instead of the filmy Persian kind."

"I had to recognize that this was entirely a man's world," she related, "where women are merely suffered.

"In the end I decided that 'East is East and West is West,' and why should I try to bring them together?"

Before the war broke out in Europe they had separated and Dolores had gone back to her own Roman apartment.

"There I could live my own life as I did before," she said.

"The prince came to visit me occasionally, but we were just like two friendly acquaintances after that. That was really the end of the marriage, although I did not get a divorce until years later."

During the war the old king picked up and went to live in Germany with most of his royal retinue, including four wives and numerous concubines, but Obeidullah remained in Rome.

Meanwhile, the princess saw many of her friends imprisoned by the Gestapo and she worked with the Italian underground to free those she could contact. It wasn't long before she became one of the key figures in underground operations.

The Gestapo, however, eventually found out about her activities and she was forced to flee into Vatican City for sanctuary.

Four days after she did so the U. S. Army liberated Rome.

One of the first American officers to establish his office in the Eternal City was Col. Louis P. Reeves, a broad-shouldered Texan in the communications corps. His work was closely tied with intelligence headquarters.

Soon after the liberation, when the beautiful princess was making her report on the Gestapo, she met the 42-year-old colonel.

Dolores was accustomed to old world chivalry and, of course, the special courtesy shown to royalty. Therefore, she was not prepared to cope with the handsome, outspoken colonel.

When she turned to leave the office, Col. Reeves eyed her closely and said bluntly:

"I'll be seeing you."

The princess at first was highly incensed but she did see the colonel soon, and his honest charm completely disarmed her.

They went out together frequently after that, viewing the beauties of Rome, Ischia and Capri.

When Col. Reeves was transferred to Vienna they were in love. Before he left, however, he insisted that she go to Rio de Janeiro because he felt she would be safe there from any attempted German reprisal.

Col. Reeves at last got out of the army and went to Rio promptly.

When she met him at the airport he said:

"Dolores, I've got only $1,000 and my love for you. I have no job. What shall I do? I want to marry you."

The princess answered:

"I don't care what you have as long as we have love.

"If necessary," she continued, "I can sell my jewels in Switzerland. I know you'll get a job and, of course, I'll marry you whether you do or not."

So off to Italy she went for her decree, which was granted in 1947. Prince Obeidullah tried to persuade her to remain in Rome but she told him:

"I don't love you. Besides, I want a husband who works."

After receiving her decree she hurried back to Rio, where the colonel had landed a job with International Telephone and Telegraph. No sooner had Dolores arrived in Rio than Col. Reeves was called to the United States. He took his princess with him.

They were married in Miami, June 28, 1948, and immediately proceeded to Washington, where the new Mrs. Reeves applied for her American citizenship.

She made application in July and received her citizenship on Sept. 7, after renouncing all claim to her Afghan title.

When they went back to Rio to live they were fortunate in finding a small apartment in a residential district.

"He is a husband, father, mother and brother to me," the ex-princess said. "I love him with all my heart.

"It's a lot different from the old days in Rome, but I've never been happier. I wash my husband's clothes and darn his socks. I cook all the time and I don't think I ever ate better in my life."

"Me either," agreed the colonel.

Romance Blossomed When William Obeidullah, Royalty Incognito, Met the Dazzling 18-Year-Old Beauty in an Art Class. It Wasn't Until After the Wedding That She Objected to His Princely Whims.

Illustrated by NORMAN MINGO

The Quarrel Over Josie Mansfield's Love Took an Unexpected Turn When the "Robber Baron" Stopped Two Bullets Fired by His Rival

The

By Peter Levins

TWO shots reverberated through the Grand Central Hotel, Broadway near Spring St., New York City, on the afternoon of Jan. 6, 1872.

Because of the prominence of the victim, Jim Fisk, member of the spectacular group known as "robber barons" at that time, those shots also reverberated over the nation and around the world.

Previously that Saturday there had been a court hearing in connection with a libel action brought by Helen Josephine Mansfield and Edward S. Stokes, former friends who had allied themselves against Fisk.

That same morning the grand jury had indicted Stokes and the woman for attempted blackmail, this resulting from a purported scheme to exploit letters Fisk had written Josie during her reign as his favorite.

The shots fired a few moments after 4:45, brought hotel employes on the run to the ladies' private stairway. There they found Fisk floundering about with a bullet through his left arm and a second slug in his abdomen.

The Shots Brought Hotel Employes on the Run. On the Ladies' Private Stairway They Found the Mortally Wounded Fisk Floundering Around.

They assisted him to Room 213, near the head of the stairs, and did what they could to make him comfortable. At that time he seemed in no great pain; he still had strength enough to help them undress him, removing in the process his diamond shirt studs and cuff buttons, and his wad of 15 $100 bills.

Stokes, meanwhile, having thrown his pearl-handled, four-chamber revolver into one of the ladies' parlors, quietly surrendered in the hotel barber shop, and police officers escorted him upstairs. After Fisk had identified him as his assailant, Stokes was removed to Mercer St. police station, and later to Tombs prison.

On the advice of his lawyers, he made no statement, with the result that newspaper readers received the impression that Stokes, knowing Fisk would visit the hotel, had hastened there ahead of him and lain in wait with murder in his heart.

This version was given the press by Jay Gould, Fisk's team-mate in numerous financial transactions.

Four doctors attended Fisk while various friends—Gould, Tammany Boss Tweed, Lawyer David Dudley Field, among others—rushed to his bedside.

The doctors probed for the lead in his abdomen, but could not find it, and it was then they decided that Fisk might not survive.

Coroner Young therefore made haste to assemble a jury.

"Do you believe that you are about to die from the injuries you have received?" Young asked.

The wounded man, lying on his back, his left arm resting on a pillow, replied, "I feel that I am in a very critical condition."

"Have you any hopes of recovery?"

"I hope so."

"Are you willing to make a true statement of the manner in which you received the injuries?"

"I am."

FISK then said he had gone to the hotel from his home on West 23d St. to call on a Mrs. Morse, widow of an old friend, and that he had mounted about two steps of the stairway when he beheld Stokes coming down.

"As soon as I saw him I noticed that he had something in his hand," Fisk went on, "and a second after I saw the flash, heard the report, and felt the bullet enter my abdomen on the right side. A second after I heard another shot and the ball entered my left arm.

"When I received the first shot, I staggered and ran toward the door, but noticing a crowd gathering in front, I ran back on the stairs again. I was then brought upstairs in the hotel.

"I saw nothing more of Stokes until he was brought before me by an officer for identification. I fully identified him as the person who shot me."

At 10 p. m., his intense pain eased by mor-

JIM FISK *Case*

phine, he asked Dr. F. Willis Fisher if there was an even chance of his getting well. The doctor responded hopefully.

At 4 a. m., on being asked how he felt, he said he was doing nicely.

At 7:15, his wife, the former Lucy Moore, who had been living in Boston during his years in New York with Josie Mansfield, arrived at the hotel and was taken to Room 213. But Fisk was then unconscious.

He died at 10:45, aged 37 years and nine months.

Warden Charles Sutton relayed the news to Stokes at the Tombs.

"Can you bear the worst?" Sutton quoted himself as asking, and Stokes replied, "Yes. I suppose Fisk is dead."

With that, according to Sutton, Stokes took a neatly-bound diary out of his pocket and declared, "As sure as you see this, I am not his murderer."

But he would not go into particulars. "Please do not ask me any questions," he pleaded. "My counsel wish me to say nothing."

SHORTLY before noon a report reached headquarters that members of the Ninth Regiment of the New York National Guard—Fisk had been made Colonel of the Ninth after assuming its heavy debts—had assembled in their armory and discussed plans to force an entrance to the Tombs, take Stokes from his cell, and hang him.

Immediately, orders were issued which brought police officers from all over town. By dusk 1,000 were on hand at the jail.

Nothing, however, ensued. No sound was heard in and about the dismal edifice that night but the cooing of the ever-present pigeons.

Meanwhile, Josie Mansfield, considered by many an accessory in the shooting if not, indeed, its instigator, remained in seclusion in the elegant Belle house which had been one of the numerous tokens of Fisk's infatuation.

The funeral on Tuesday, Jan. 9, was of an impressiveness befitting the fabulous Fisk.

Dressed in his colonel's uniform, his sword by his side, he had lain in state at his residence on West 23d St., close by Josie's shuttered nest. Floral tributes from far and near, from big people and little people, filled the house. In life, Fisk had been as unprincipled as any man of his time, but in death he was remembered chiefly for his magnificence and boundless liberality.

ON Tuesday morning, in a redwood and gold casket, the body was carried through dense crowds to Fisk's sumptuous opera house at Eighth Ave. and 23d St. The casket was borne up the grand staircase to the resplendent vestibule of the officers of the Erie Railroad which Jim Fisk controlled, and there deposited on a catafalque.

At noon, the lower doors were thrown open, and for two hours mourners streamed by in single file. So great was the crush that five women fainted.

Then, escorted by a battelion of police, the Ninth Regiment band, a drum corps, officers of the Narragansett Steamship Company in uniform, railway employes, carriages of chief mourners, his horse led by a groom in livery, two platoons of national guard non-commissioned officers and privates, six platoons of commissioned officers, national guard marching in single rank, General Varian and staff, the Ninth Regiment veterans association, more police and carriages of lesser mourners, this ex-peddler made his final trip through the streets of the city of his conquests and defeats.

He was taken to a railroad depot, and thence to Brattleboro, Vt., for burial on a high bluff overlooking the Connecticut.

* * *

Handsome Edward Stokes went through three trials on a charge of first-degree murder. He was backed by his father's considerable fortune, but had to contend with a prosecution supported by the immense wealth and influence of Fisk's relentless friend, Jay Gould.

During all three proceedings, Miss Mansfield remained prudently absent in Europe.

The first trial ended in a jury disagreement, the second in a conviction and sentence of death. This verdict was reversed by the Court of Appeals, the judges holding that evidence of premeditation had been insufficient.

The third trial opened on Oct. 14, 1873, before Judge Noah Davis.

District Attorney Benjamin K. Phelps headed the state forces. Lyman Tremain the defense.

Phelps called as his star witnesses two hallboys of the hotel, John Redmond and Thomas Hart, who said they saw Stokes stealthily approach the staircase, lean over the balustrade, and fire the shots at Fisk. That is, they gave strong evidence to prove malice aforethought and premeditation.

Stokes' attorney branded these witnesses perjurers.

* * *

THE defense called George W. Bailey, a merchant acquaintance of Stokes, who gave evidence to explain how Stokes happened to enter the hotel just before the shooting.

Bailey said he encountered Stokes by chance, and as they passed the hotel, Stokes touched his hat and remarked, "I think I know that woman in the parlor window." Stokes suggested that they go together and investigate, but Bailey declined. Stokes then left him and went in.

John More, connected with the carriage department of the hotel, testified for the defense that he ran to Fisk after the shooting and heard him mutter, "He was too quick for me this time."

More said that he asked Redmond what he had seen of the occurrence, and quoted Redmond as replying that he had seen nothing.

Robert S. Stobo testified that he saw Stokes and Bailey walking together just before the shooting, and saw Stokes salute someone at the hotel.

* * *

A WITNESS who had not testified previously, Patrick Logan, a court officer during the first trial, gave powerful evidence in the defendant's behalf.

Logan said that Redmond and Hart, whom he had escorted to and from the House of Detention between court sessions, had memorized testimony prepared for them by the prosecution and that they had been promised $1,000 each for their services.

District Attorney Phelps asked Logan why he had not told this story before, and he replied:

"I did not want to be mixed up in the case, but I would have made my conscience all right in the matter."

"How so?"

"Before I let Stokes be hanged, I would have gone to Albany and called on Governor Dix and told him to swear me, and then I would have told the whole story."

Stokes, in his own defense, gave his early history up to the time he met Fisk in July, 1869, told of his association with Fisk in a Brooklyn oil refinery, and of the breaking up of that association. Their estrangement, according to him, had nothing to do with Josie Mansfield but was caused by Fisk's complete disregard of business ethics.

Asked if he had known that Fisk was going to the hotel on the fatal afternoon, he replied, "I knew nothing in regard to it."

He happened to be in the vicinity that day, he said, because of a business that had no connection with Fisk. He had gone there to see some men concerned in a disputed turf case that was to be argued soon before the trotting congress in Providence, R. I.

"I WALKED to Amity or Great Jones St.," he continued, "met Bailey in that neighborhood, and invited him to walk as far as the Metropolitan Hotel, as I wished to engage tickets for 'The Black Crook,' and I promised that I would return with him. He consented, and we walked down.

"As we were passing the Grand Central, I noticed a lady looking out of parlor 207. She bowed to me, and I recognized her, as I supposed, and returned her salutation.

"At that time I had no idea of crossing over, but I thought it was a lady I had met at Saratoga and had not seen for three years, and so said to Bailey. I invited Bailey to go over. He refused. I then retraced my steps to about opposite the ladies' entrance of the Grand Central, finished my conversation with Bailey, and crossed.

"I went directly up the private staircase, into the hallway, and passed to parlor 207. When the lady saw me, she turned her head sideways and looked into the street. I saw she did not know me, nor care to know me.

"I had never been upstairs before, and I walked along the hall, went back, and along the dining room hall, and as I came along there, the lady came out of the parlor and went up to the third floor. I found I did not know her.

"I then walked to the private staircase."

Q. Did you have any expectation of seeing Fisk? A. No, I did not. None in the world.

Q. Did you go into any room to see his carriage? A. I went into no room at all. I had no suspicion that Fisk was coming in at that time.

Q. Relate the transaction which is the subject of this indictment.

"I went down on the right-hand side of the private staircase," Stokes testified. "When I got down several steps, I saw Fisk coming. He came in with a rush—sprang through the doors on to the private staircase.

"I at the time was on the right side going down. We were then in a line. I jumped to one side, and cried out, 'Don't shoot!' and immediately pulled my pistol and fired two shots as quick as that. (He struck his hands together twice, as fast as he could.)

"I saw his pistol. He pulled his pistol up in this way in both hands." (Stokes acted as if drawing a gun with the left hand, and holding it around the chambers with the left while cocking it with the right.) "There was no light at all on the staircase. It happened all at once; it was not a second."

Q. You say you came down on the right-hand side? A. I called out before I fired. I jumped over to the left so as to get out of line of his pistol. My left arm was on the banister when the firing took place.

Q. Did you take any particular aim when you pulled out your pistol? A. No, sir. I fired the pistol and cocked it with the same hand.

Q. When you first found it was Fisk, what effect did it have on your mind? A. It produced great excitement and fear when I saw him.

Q. Had you any premeditated intention to kill him when you fired? A. (Shaking his head) I never wanted to kill him.

Q. Did you believe your life was in danger? A. I most certainly did. I saw his pistol, as plain as anything could be seen.

Q. Why did you not retreat when you saw Fisk? A. There was no chance to retreat. He was right on top of me before I knew it.

This trial ended in a verdict of third-degree manslaughter and a sentence of four years. This verdict gave satisfaction to everyone concerned except Fisk's friends and the prisoner himself.

Stokes' attorneys and friends considered him a fortunate man, but he insisted that he should have been acquitted. Several months later, he told an interviewer in Sing Sing:

"Those that believe the evidence of the hallboys believe I am guilty of murder; and those that believe their story wickedly manufactured believe I am innocent—that's all there is to it.

"I can only state, on my honor as a man, that Fisk brought about the conflict; otherwise I should have passed him quietly by, on the stairs."

Released in 1876, Stokes experienced varying fortunes thereafter, first in the silver mining business as a protege of John W. Mackay, and later in the restaurant business. He died in his sister's home on St. Nicholas Ave., Manhattan, in 1901.

As for the beauteous Josie, she "astonished the world" in 1891 by marrying a rich American, brother of the Viscountess Falkland, Robert Livingston Reade.

She was still alive in 1909, but there the record ends.

* * *

NOT so her erstwhile provider. On Oct. 1, 1874, a poem was printed about Fisk, entitled "An Epitaph," written by the eminent James Russell Lowell. In its original version (later revised on advice of Lowell's lawyers) it read:

"World, Flesh, and Devil gave him all they could,
"Wealth, women, wine and disbelief in good;
"Fame, too, he bought, our modern kind of fame,
"The morning-column reeking with his name.
"Lifelong he never did himself deny
"One pleasure sin could give, or money buy,
"The latter bilked, a coward's shot
"Sent him to where he may, I had forgot;
"That's parse, they tell us who should know,
"Put out with milk and water years ago.
"No retribution, then? Yes, something worse
"Than augury justice ever distilled in verse;
"He had (could shame or vengeance this exceed?)
"Living, Gould's friendship, dead, the tears of Tweed!"

Next week Peter Lovins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Painted by JOSEPH BRENNAN

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Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

Delicious Dishes of Tuna and Rice or Macaroni and Peas.

Dinner in a Casserole for Flavor

WHETHER you call it casserole cookery, oven cookery, or just easy "no watching" cookery, there is no doubt that this method produces some of the best, full flavored foods that come from the kitchen. One advantage is that these foods can be held for serving. If the family is late coming home the meal is not ruined.

Today the modern homemaker can use her casserole to prepare food for every course. One way is to serve hot soup from it right at the table. The tomato meringue soup lends itself very readily to this method and the appealing color is brought out by a special garnish of olive flecked meringue plated over the surface of the soup.

One of the best desserts for a casserole dinner is baked apple dumplings served in a spicy sauce.

Tomato Meringue Soup

1 egg white
1 tbsp. mayonnaise
1 tbsp. chopped chives or green onion tops
2 cans condensed tomato soup
2 cups milk

Beat egg white until stiff but not dry. Fold in mayonnaise and chives. Combine tomato soup with milk; heat and pour into casserole. Put meringue puffs on the soup using a rounded teaspoon of egg white mixture for each. Bake in an oven of 375° F. about 5 min. or until meringue is light brown. 8 servings.

Tuna and Rice Continental

2 7 oz. cans tuna fish
2 tbsps. cooking oil
Flour
1 tsp. curry powder
3 cups hot cooked rice
1 cup whipped cream
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tbsp. worcestershire sauce
Chutney

Pour oil from tuna into a shallow baking dish; add cooking oil. Dredge large bite size pieces of tuna in flour, place in the oil and bake in an oven of 375° F. until lightly browned, about 20 mins. Mix the curry powder with the rice (salted when cooked), and put over tuna. Mix the whipped cream, mustard and worcestershire sauce; spread on top of rice. Place in oven of 400° F. about 10 min. to finish heating and brown. Garnish each serving with chutney. Serves 6.

Baked Jambalaya of Meat

1 12 oz. can luncheon meat
1 4 oz. can Vienna sausage
2 medium onions
2 tbsps. fat
1 can condensed consomme
1 cup water
1 bay leaf
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
4 whole peppers
¼ cup chili sauce
1 cup rice

Cut meat in 1" squares; cut sausage in half. Dice onions and brown with meat and sausages in the melted fat. Add remaining ingredients except rice, and put in a covered casserole. Bake covered in an oven of 375° F. about 30 min. Wash rice and add slowly to mixture. Cover and continue to bake 20 min. Stir and bake another 25 min. or until rice is tender. Serves 6.

Hot Fruit Compote With Sherry

1 No. 2 can pineapple chunks
2 oranges
1 2" stick cinnamon
2 tbsps. sugar
1 No. 2½ can dark sweet pitted cherries
¼ cup sherry

Drain syrup from the pineapple into a baking dish, add the thin peel of one of oranges cut into slivers, the orange sections, cinnamon and sugar. Cover and bake in an oven of 350° F. about 1 hour. Add pineapple chunks and the drained cherries. Bake covered for 15 min. Just before serving, add sherry. Rum or brandy may be used in place of sherry. Serves 8.

Macaroni and Peas in Cheese Sauce

1 6 oz. pkg. macaroni
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
2 tbsps. flour
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika
1 tsp. curry powder
¾ cup liquid from peas
1½ cups milk
1 cup grated process American cheddar cheese
1½ cups canned or glassed peas

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water for 9 min. Drain. Melt butter in skillet, add flour and seasonings. Mix until smooth. Add liquid from peas and milk; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add cheese and peas; mix well and add macaroni. Put into a baking dish and bake in an oven of 375° F. 30 min. or until hot and brown on top. Peas may be nested in the center of macaroni.

Mock Tamale Pie

½ cup seedless raisins
2 cans condensed meatless vegetable soup, undiluted
1 cup water
¼ tsp. celery seed
1 tbsp. chili powder
½ cup chopped ripe olives
½ cup yellow cornmeal
½ cup grated American cheese (⅛ lb.)
¼ cup minced onion

Heat oven to 375° F. Rinse, drain raisins. Combine with next 5 ingredients. Bring to a boil and add cornmeal slowly, while stirring briskly. Continue to cook and stir 5 to 6 min. Pour into greased baking dish and sprinkle cheese over top. Bake at 375° F. about 20 min. or until cheese is melted. Top each serving with a portion of minced onion. Serves 6.

Apple Dumplings in Spicy Sauce

Syrup:
2½ cups pineapple, or orange-grape fruit juice
⅔ cup sugar
3 tbsps. butter or margarine
Syrup drained from apples

Dumplings:
Rich baking powder biscuit dough (use 2 cups flour recipe)
1 No. 2 can sliced apples
¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon
1 tbsp. butter or margarine

Combine all of the ingredients for syrup in a saucepan. Allow to boil gently while making dumplings. Roll biscuit dough to ¼" thick and cut in 5" squares. In center of each square place several pieces of apples. Sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and dot with butter. Fold corners of dough up over apples and pinch together. Pierce top with a fork. Place in shallow baking dish. Pour hot syrup over and bake at 400° F. 30 min. or until brown. Serves 6.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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- ☐ (125) Tastier Than Ever Pies
- ☐ (126) Reliable Frostings and Fillings

The Epicure

WE ARE inclined to think of Lolly, Louella Parsons, as the one person who knows all about everybody who amounts to anything on the stage and on the screen. Those who know her well think of Lolly as just about the nicest homebody in Beverly Hills. Her husband, "Docky," is such a nice guy because Lolly takes such good care of Docky. Here is one of his dinner table favorites, golden buck Welsh rarebit, provided us by Lolly.—Editor.

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Nothing can cause greater chagrin to a gourmet than the outrageous misfortune of a curdled welsh rarebit. When I first went to New York a number of years ago from Chicago (before my Hollywood days) to write about the young motion picture industry for the Hearst newspapers, I was introduced to a recipe for welsh rarebit by the late John Barrymore. He called it the Golden Buck and insisted it would not curdle. This I found generally true.

It is a relatively simple recipe and requires little time to fix.

Prepare the following mixture: ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. dried mustard, ⅛ tsp. cayenne pepper. Mix this together with Worcestershire sauce and add a glass of beer or ale.

Then take a pound of American cheese and either grate or cut into very thin slices. Place the cheese in the top of a double boiler with as little butter as possible (a pellet about the size of a walnut is sufficient). As the cheese starts to melt pour the liquid mixture over the cheese very slowly, a little at a time, over a period of about 25 minutes.

Have hot plates and hot toast ready. Pour finished product over the toast and serve instantly. If by any remote chance your rarebit has curdled, add one soft-boiled egg to the mixture which will turn it into what is known as a Golden Buck.

Party Cake

IF you're looking for a good recipe for a special dinner, try this pineapple cake. The combination of the strawberries with the pineapple gives a flavor hard to beat.

Pineapple Refrigerator Cake

1½ tbsps. plain unflavored gelatin
6 tbsps. cold water
1 No. 1 can crushed pineapple, undrained (1⅔ cups)
Granulated sugar
1½ tbsps. lemon juice
2 8″ sponge layers
1¼ cups heavy cream
1 cup fresh or frozen strawberries, sliced and sweetened

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 min. Heat pineapple to boiling; then add the gelatin to the pineapple mixture and stir until dissolved. Add 6 tablespoons sugar and the lemon juice and chill until it begins to thicken.

Meanwhile split the cake layers. Cut in slices, and use part of them to line the bottom and sides of a pan about 10″ x 6″ x 2″. Whip ¾ cup of the cream and fold into the pineapple mixture. Spread half of this on the cake on bottom of pan, top with a similar layer of cake, then spread with the remaining pineapple mixture. Top with remaining cake, placed cut side down. Chill 4 hrs. or longer.

To serve, spread top with the remaining ½ cup cream whipped until stiff and combined with 1½ tsps. sugar and ¼ tsp. vanilla extract. Cut in squares, and garnish with the strawberries. This recipe will serve 10.

For variation in toppings, flavor the whipped cream with triple sec and garnish with pineapple bits. Or you can substitute ice cream for the whipped cream and top with strawberry sauce. If you don't use whipped cream, spread a thick layer of jam over the cake.

Easy Patterns

3845—For your fashion conscious Littlest—a bolero suit with a shirtwaist to go with it. The skirt is cut in one piece. Sizes 2-10. Size 6, bolero, skirt, requires 1⅞ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, 1 yard 35-inch material.

3831—You'll look neat and pretty in this frock . . . it wraps over at back. Wear it for work or play, for company-to-brunch. Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 35-inch material.

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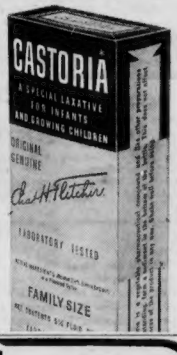

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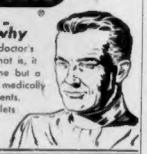

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Reveals Sweetheart's Name

"Yes, I'm practically engaged," says glamorous model, Allene Meacham, "My sweetheart is the greatest little wonder-worker in the world. It's Hopper White Clay Pack. Nothing like it to give a drab, faded complexion that smooth, young, dreamy look a 'close-up' demands." Ladies, you'll be crazy about White Clay Pack—and the thrilling difference it makes in 8 short minutes. When the day's tiredlines leave you with that wearied older look, just pat on this luscious clay. Thrill to its tingling, tightening action—to the way it smooths tired lines, lifts weary sag, and sparks skin with radiant glow! Get Hopper White Clay Pack today. And for everyday care, use Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. At cosmetic counters.

From Adolescent to Adult

By Sally Young

Patrice Munsel Has Recently Made the Transition From Bobby-Soxer to Adult.

YESTERDAY you were a helter-skelter teen-ager; suddenly all that is past. You're a young lady, and doing your best to look and act that part.

While clothes and make-up have been important even during your pre-adult days, you find now that the things you wore to school and on week-end dates no longer seem right.

Why? What has gone wrong?

I put this question to Patrice Munsel, Metropolitan Opera Co. coloratura soprano and star of concert, radio and records, who just recently came up against this very thing.

When Patrice made her Met debut, at 17, she was called the bobby-sox prima-donna. Today, she is a delightful, well-groomed and poised young woman of 23.

She says clothes and careful grooming make the difference. The change should be a gradual one.

For instance, the girl who used to live in sweaters and skirts during her school days might change over to knitted dresses.

DON'T overdo it. Suddenly to blossom out in one of those siren-like, slinky satin numbers would be ridiculous. Something simple, with good lines, is the best bet here. Patrice considers it foolish to overdo things so that a young adult looks older than her age. For instead of accomplishing her new adult state, people inevitably will be patronizing and laugh at the little girl masquerading in mother's clothes.

Shoes are a very good growing-up indication, according to the opera star. Saddle-shoes and loafers are all right for the soda-pop set, but all wrong for the young lady who wants the accent on poise and appearance. On the other hand, rushing into maturity via shoes is a mistake. The adolescent-into-adult should avoid spike heels and platforms just as she nixes loafers. A medium heel on a trim pump is her very best bet.

OVER all, the amateur adult should pay particular attention to her grooming. Hair must be well-brushed, well-trimmed and attractively arranged. Think of your hair-do in terms of how it will look with and without hats, for, of course, you'll get into the hat habit now that you are growing up.

More make-up may be appropriate now. A foundation lotion goes under your rouge and powder. Maybe even the hint of eye shadow on special occasions.

Using more make-up, however, means more care for your skin to avoid premature lines and wrinkles.

At this age, the young adult generally has a good figure, and she should capitalize on both grooming, and clothes to make the most of this change she is going through, in transit from adolescent to adult.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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- ☐ (114) Calorie List

Custom-Made AT HOME

By Doris Denison

THAT new dress you are making will hang well and fit perfectly if you know where to make the proper adjustments.

A great deal of fitting can be taken care of by adjusting the pattern to your own measurements before cutting out your dress. This insures that the basic proportions are right. In addition to this, a few simple adjustments may be required to take care of slight figure differences.

If you make many of your own clothes, you will find a dress form a great aid.

Waistline and Side Seams

PIN or baste the dress together. Pin-fitting will make adjustments easier. Place all pins with points down to avoid trouble in taking off the dress. Put the sleeves together for this fitting. Slip the garment on right side out, being sure that the center front and center back, which you have marked with basting, are centered on your figure. If you are using shoulder pads, pin them in place. You are then ready to check the fit of your dress in front of a full length mirror.

With the shoulder pads in place, you can judge the length of the waist. If a change is necessary, raise the skirt and re-pin it at the correct position on the waist.

The side seams should hang straight and fall into line, even when you have been moving about. If they swing forward, raise the waistline seam in back. If they swing backward, make this adjustment in the front waistline seam.

Pin in the side seams as much as needed to fit the dress smoothly.

Allow the necessary ease for motion when pinning the blouse, and test the skirt by sitting down in it after you have it pinned. The skirt should not draw or creep up.

Shoulder Seams and Sleeves

THE shoulder seams should lie in a straight, smooth line. If adjustments made in the shoulder make changes in the neckline necessary, mark the new neckline with tailor's chalk and cut it out after you remove the dress.

Slip the sleeves on and pin them over the shoulder line, turning under the seam allowance and matching the notches. Check to see that the straight grain of the fabric follows a straight line as the sleeve hangs from the armhole.

To take off the dress without ruining the fitting lines, mark the pin positions with tailor's chalk and remove enough of the pins so you can slip the dress off easily.

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- ☐ (36) Tie a Pretty Package

Teen-Age Tempest

The Battle Of the Sexes

Many Teen-Age Boys Accuse the Girls They Date of Acting Like Movie Stars Instead of Being Themselves.

FOR many months we have been making a special file of letters from teeners who seem unhappy about the faults and follies of the opposite sex. From these letters we have compiled a list of the 10 most frequent criticisms that girls make about boys, and the 10 most annoying characteristics that boys find in girls.

The girls say that most boys —

1. Seldom plan a date. They are vague and leave it to the girl to decide where she wants to go and what she wants to do.

2. Are unreasonable and inconsistent. If a girl lets them kiss her on a first date they think she's an easy mark. If she doesn't they think she's a prude.

3. Have few manners, and most of them bad. They don't bother to open doors, help a girl on with her coat, or introduce her properly to other people.

4. Are either too shy, or too fresh.

5. Are egotistical. They think girls are mental inferiors and seldom listen to their opinions.

6. Are sloppy dressers. They don't dress properly for dates and think they are imposed upon if they have to wear a necktie.

7. Are blind. They seldom notice when you dress up for them, or compliment your appearance.

8. Are girl-crazy. They talk so much about other girls when they are out with you that you wonder why they ever dated you in the first place.

9. Have bad habits. Many of them smoke too much, drink too much and use language that makes a girl uncomfortable.

10. Are lazy and irresponsible. They don't take their studies seriously and have no well-thought-out plans for the future.

The boys say that most girls —

1. Are gold-diggers. A walk, or an evening at home, is no date to them. They want to go places and spend your money.

2. Are hard to please. If a boy kisses a girl on a first date he's "fast"; if he doesn't he's a dope.

3. Are possessive. If you date them twice they think they own you — and too many of them have marriage on their minds.

4. Are putting on an act. They try to look and act like movie stars instead of being themselves.

5. Are vain. They spend too much time on their faces and their clothes, and not enough time on brains and personality.

6. Are naggers. They complain about your haircut and your necktie and are peeved because you do not look like Van Johnson.

7. Are catty. They seldom have a good word to say about other girls.

8. Are boy-crazy. They have a roving eye for "dream boats" with cars, and money to spend.

9. Have bad taste. They use too much make-up and wear conspicuous clothes.

10. Are scatter-brained. They don't bother to learn anything because they think their femininity will get them a husband, or a good job.

What about these unflattering charges? Do you think they are true? Or are they the complaints of boys and girls who, for one reason or another, have a wrong slant on their generation? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. — U. T.

Are You A Night Owl?

WE'VE had a lot of letters lately from parents who want to know what to do about their stay-up-late sons and daughters. One mother says her 15-year-old boy often comes home at three o'clock in the morning. When she lectures him, he reminds her that most of his cronies stay out that late.

Parents say that late hours ruin their children's health and disposition and have a serious effect on their school work. Do you think most teeners stay up too late? And what do you think is a reasonable time to get to bed? Write to the Teen-Age Editor.

Letters to the Editor

YOUR series of articles on the California Missions has particular significance to our organization, which is named for, and has for its patron, the illustrious Father Junipero Serra who founded these missions. **J. O'Haire, Executive Secretary, Serra International, Chicago, Ill.**

* * *

May we have permission to reproduce your article entitled "Basso Oden's 37 Lost Years"? The subject of this story, Mr. E. J. Odenkirchen, is one of our city's prominent citizens. **P. L. Clark, Editor, The Norwich Sun and The Chenango Telegraph, Norwich, N. Y.**

I want to express my thanks for your recent series on "Millions in Music," telling how song sharks work. Am hoping for more like it. **Estelle Powell, Pacoima, Calif.**

* * *

In a recent issue, you published an excellent article called "New Look for Crooks." We are in the armored car business, and would like to distribute copies as a warning against bandits who masquerade as collection agents. **Guy R. Buck, Vice-President, Armored Express Corp. of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.**

* * *

I am a high school student, studying chemistry. Please send me some of your articles on sleeping pills. I am preparing a report on "goof balls." **R. David, Chicago, Ill.**

* * *

I am a 4th Grade teacher, and enjoy your articles on Greek Mythology very much. But, like so many things we wish to save and don't, I find myself without them when most needed. Could you send me some copies? **Mrs. Dorothy R. McMonogle, Homestead, Pa.**

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

When the Vigilantes Ruled

IN THE rugged gold camps of the Old West, justice was an elusive thing. Where courts existed, they were often corrupt. Where there were no courts, the six-gun ruled—until the coming of the Vigilantes.

These committees of law-enforcing citizens wrote a dramatic chapter into the history of this country, a chapter packed with bullets and bravery, dancing girls and desperados, and the struggle to bring law and orders to a wild frontier. A series of thrilling articles, "Vigilantes of the Old West," begins in next week's American Weekly.

FOR 33 years, Helen Gillen wore Mike Walsh's engagement ring—but they never married. She always turned down his pleas with the promise, "I'll be your girl until I die."

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